

G A R L A N D.

Composed in several delightful

N E W S O N G S.

- I. The Jolly Millet.
- II. Capt. Barnwell, A new Song.
- III. The merry Butcher, A new Song.
- IV. A new Song in the praise of noble Douglass.
- V. A new Wedding Song.
- VI. The King of France's Lamentation.



Dressed and arranged according to Order.



The Jolly Miller's Garland.

The Jolly Miller.

THE old Wife she sent to the Miller her Daughter,
To grind her Grist quickly and so return back;
The Miller to work'd it; that in eight months after
The Sack was as tall as any could lack,
Young Robin to please her, that when she came Home,
She gap'd like a stuck pig, and stor'd like a Mome,
She hayben'd, she scamper'd, she halloo'd and whoop'd
And all the Day long,

This, this was her Song.

Vas ever a Maiden so liricompoo'd
Oh! Nelly, can't tell, thy Clothes are all mealy,
Both Backside and forside are rumpled all o'er;
You'mope now and nubber, why what a pox ails ye?
I'll go to the Miller and grinding to ply,
She come cutting Papers a Foot and half high,
She waddled, she straddled, she halloo'd and whoop'd,
And all the Day long,

This, this was her Song.

Ay! were ever two Sisters so liricompoo'd?

Then *Sing* of the Dairy, a third of the Number,
Would you know the Cause they so jig it about,
The Miller her wives long woud not incumber,
But in the old Manner the secret found out,
Thus *Cerie* and *Nell*, and *Mary* the mild
When just about Harvest Time all big with Child,
They dance'd in the Hay, they halloo'd and whoop'd,
And all the Day long,

This, this was their Song,

Ay! were ever three Sisters so liricompoo'd.

An

And when they were big they did stare at each other
And crying oh! Sister, what shall we now do?
For all our young Banlings we have but one Father.
And they in one Month will all come to Town too
O why did we run in such Haste to the Mill;
To Robin, who always the Toll-dish would fill?
He bump'd us all up, then hallow'd and whoop'd,

And all the Day long,
This, this was their Song,
Hey; were ever three Sisters so liriconpopp'd.



A new Song.

A Lone as I was walking, 'twas on a summer's day,
I heard two lovers talking, and she to him did say,
All in a mournful ditty, she thus began her tale,
Which mov'd his heart in pity, her true love to bewail.

O true love, true love Samuel, now begins thy woe,
O true love, true love Sarah, what makes you to lay so
My Friend and brother Barnwell, is so displeased at thee,
And says that he will slay thee, upon the mountains high.

O tell thy friend and brother, I am not such a man,
I're not a straw for him, let him do the worst he can,
Give me thy hand sweet lassie, and stand thee true to me,
And I will fight with Barnwel, upon the mountains high.

When you come on the mountains, yourselves all alone,
You're far from any town, you're far from your own,
You're far from town or city, no one will you come nigh,
So use my Brother kindly upon the mountains high.

Yonder stands Capt. Barnwell, bending of his Bow,
He's waiting for young Samuel, for to be his foe;
O come you here young Samuel, and only us draw nigh,
For here I mean to slay thee, up on the mountains high.

O slay me not says Samuel, O slay me not says he,
O slay me not says Samuel are you so cowardly?

For

For this time Capt Barnwell I've got no Shots for thee,
So slay me not says Samuel, here so cowardly.

If you have not Shots for me, for that I do not care,
Except my Sister's company, now thou wilt forswear,
And except thou wilt forsake my Sister's Company,
It's here I mean to slay thee upon the mountains high.

Then Samuel stood amazed, not knowing what to say,
At length he steps up to him, and his arrow took away
He took his arrows from him, his bow he broke in three
Barnwell where's the Shot, that you had got for me.

When Barnwell lost his armour, he cry'd out amain
It's for my Sister Sarah, here I must be slain,
It's for my Sister Sarah, here I now must die.
My life is in the hands of Samuel upon the mountains high.

O say you not says Samuel, O say you not says he,
Grant me but one only thing; and I will be kind to thee,
For to enjoy thy Sister, likewise the couriers hall;
And I will use thee kindly, upon the mountains high.

So here comes Sarah Barnwell, tripping o'er the plain,
She's thinking to find her Brother, or true love to be slain,
She's wringing her hands, and wiping of her Eyes,
Till she spy'd them coming, from off the mountains high.

Then Barnwell steps up to her, and took her by the hand,
And gave her unto Samuel, in the place where he did stand,
I do present my sister, to be thy wedded wife:
May you have prosperity, all the days of your life.

For I needs must own, thou beest a better man than I,
Twas in thy power to slay me upon the mountains high
Half of my lands and living, I'll freely give to thee;
Likewise my Sister Sarah, thy wedded Wife shall be.
Because thou use'd me kindly, upon the mountains high.

A New SONG

COME all young Virgins, I would have you beware,
Before it is too late I would have you take Care;
It is of an ancient Farmer who had a handsome Wife,
She never never knew the Joys of a Bride.

She went to her Neighbours and thus to them did say,
Long time I have been married but still I am a Maid;
My husband he is grown old and his courage grown cold
With in my heart I was told.

A Butcher he came by, and knock'd at the Ring,
He starts the Damsel, and let the Butcher in;
I'm a jolly Butcher that dealt in good fat Ware,
Has your Husband got any, any for to spare.

Yes we have a Heifer, the Damsel she reply'd,
Who never never knew, the joys of a Bridg.
He talked to her of Love and found her to be fine,
Is he my dearest Jewel, you will be but mine.

I will endeavour to please thee all in a merry mood,
If you never never shall have reason to complain,
I never deny'd him but freely gave a vent,
The pleasing joys of a love sick beast.

And thus reply'd the Damsel all with a rolling Eye,
Our words are so pleating they almost make me die,
Is he my dearest Jewel, what Joys can excel,
Butcher loves to please all palates very well.

A new Song, in the praise of the noble Douglas.

COME all you nort'-Britons, rejoice now and sing,
At the joyful tidings, which to you I bring,
Concerning great Douglas, the Duke's bister son,
whose cause in South-Briton so fairly is won.

Before the high court, his cause was laid down,
There it was debised, at fai't London town,

Brave Norton with numbers the truth did declare,
This Douglas to be the righteous heir.

This pierc'd like a Dart, to the heart of his foes,
When falsehood and bribery could not interpose ;
To think this cause, so fairly was won,
The opposite party that day was struck dumb.

Some thought to betray him, as I have heard told,
For the sake of curst hire, that covetous gold :
Thus to vote against him they straight did prepare,
Tho' a blood relation and righteous heir.

Such base pretences, shall never take place,
Against noble Douglas or an ancient race ;
Whole arm through Great-Britain, For eges is known,
Let us fill up your Bumpers, and let them go round.

In praise of the Duchess who acted her part,
No lady of honour more witty and smart,
Upon their proceedings did boldly advance ;
To prove his true birth-right, in Britain and France.

As soon as the tidings to Scotland came down,
Great joy in this nation, with mirth did abound,
In honour of Douglas, now as you shall find,
Their windows with candles, they brightly did shine.

Great illuminations, with bonefires were made,
In honour of Douglas now as it is said,
To shew the affection of both old and young,
That his noble cause so fairly was won.

O Douglas for ever, let it be your cry,
For he's the true heir, who can it decry ;
Success to great Douglas in spite of his foes,
Or any in Britain who dare him oppose.

O were I but worthy his name to record,
Or speak of the Praise of this noble Lord,
Who freely deserves the greatest applause,
For high birth and honour, which every one knows.

ll sing to his praise, the nations all round,
His noble birth of fame and ren-
honour of Douglas whereever
drink to his success, in spite of all foes.
And now to conclude, these lines I have pen'd,
hope in these verses I do not offend;
o speak of the Douglas, so ancient and brave,
By ur pardon I humbly crave.

A new Wedding SONG.

COME haste to this Wedding, ye friend and ye neighbours,
The lovers their blis can no longer delay
forget all your Sorrows, your cares, and your labours,
And let every heart beat with rapture to day;
Come come, one and all,
Attend to my call
And revel in pleasures, that never can cloy;
Come see
Rural felicity.
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

C H O R U S

Come see
Rural felicity.
Which love and innocence ever enjoy,
Let envy and pride, let hate and ambition,
Still crowd to, and be at the breasts of the Great;
To such wretched passions we give no admission
But leave them alone to the wise ones of state:
We boast of no wealth
But Contentment and health.
In mirth and in friendship our moments employ;
Come see
Rural felicity
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.
Come see, &c.

With reason we taste of each heart feeling pleasure,
With reason we drink of the ful-flowing bowl,
Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,
For fatal excess but enslaves the free soul,
Come come at our bidding,
To this happy wedding,

No Care shall intrude here our bliss to annoy,

Come see

Rural F.

Which love and time ever enjoy.

Come see, &c.

The King of FRANCE's Lamentation.

O Britains ! O Britains ! I would have you give o'er,
To tell you the truth I'm sick of the war ;
For the English they do beat us where'er we go,
Thier hearts are like Steele so hard is the blow.

Was there ever a poor king like me in this grief,
The English unto me have prov'd a great thief ;
They've rob me of late that will make me run wild,
To think of my realm they've taken Billfie.

The truth of my story I mean to relate,
On Martinico's face, think my heart it will break,
O ! what shall I do, or what shal I say,
For my whole Nation they will take away.

The sound of the trumpet, the beat of the drum,
The English like lions against me did come
With powder and ball they make such a stay,
My men in the field they're not able to stay.

Their King George the third who sits on the throne,
He wounded me full sore which caus's me to mourn,
I mourn and weep I am pressed with wo,
O ! where shall I run to, or where shall I go ?

O messenger ! O messenger ! mind what I tell
If you can get peace, then all will be well !
But if th' y refuse our peace for to make,
The Crown from my head they quickly will take.

The Pope told the King when the ware first begun,
In case when he would the battle we would win ;
But now I do find it's not the Pope's to give,
My heart it will break for I can no longer live,
The Pope is a Lyon I very well do know,
I wish the Devil bid him for serving me so.

F 19 - W 1 S.